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VOL. LIII.

No. I.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudisque VALENTIS
Cantabunt SOCIUM, unanimique PATREM."

OCTOBER, 1887.

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale College. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-third Volume with the number for October, 1887. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class, and is entirely made up of the writings of undergraduates. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the college. In the *Notabilia* college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the *Book Notices* and *Editors' Table*, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from all the undergraduates, and may be sent through the Post Office. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. Items of news even of trifling importance, are also especially desired, and may be communicated personally to the Editors, or by mail. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduates subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications, whether in regard to the editorial or the business management of the periodical, must be addressed to the EDITORS OF THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, New Haven, Conn.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LIII.

OCTOBER, 1887.

No. I

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '88.

J. FRANKLIN CARTER,

EDWARD C. FELLOWES,

HAROLD R. GRIFFITH,

RICHARD M. HURD,

FRANK I. PARADISE.

THE DEMOCRATIC SPIRIT AT YALE.

IN contrasting the spirit of Yale with that of any other University or College the first difference seized upon and most sharply apparent, is the strong trend towards social democracy at Yale. Granted that young men are naturally inclined to a sort of negative democracy, this tendency becomes here probably the most positive feature of the spirit which pervades every phase of our college life. I wonder if we appreciate how fine a thing this spirit is, or if we realize at all to what extent it is influencing our actions and molding our characters. To my mind it is one of the great foundation principles of Yale's influence, and is in itself something too precious to be compared with any wealth of endowment or list of elective advantages.

In endeavoring to trace some of the effects of this spirit upon Yale men, we would find, I think, that its first and most obvious effect is in inculcating a habit of character discernment and an accuracy in judging men, which will be of no small value in after life. President Dwight says of Yale, "There is no place in the world, I am sure.

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where a man is judged more justly in accordance with what he is, than here."

Then, as college opinion, the offshoot of college spirit, gives to every man regardless of antecedents the right to attain to any position he is capable of, and respects him according to his achievements, a spirit of rivalry for every college honor is engendered and work in every direction stimulated. Now, work and character seem to be, if not almost synonymous, at any rate, inter-dependent. For no man having the one will lack the other; since men can acquire character by work and also since men of character are never idlers. Rejoicing in the spirit which stimulates work, we should have for every true worker, a deep respect, realizing that a worker has before him in his aims at a lofty elevation of mind and character, only the limits set by his natural capacity. Listen to Carlyle, about work. "Man is born to expend every particle of strength God Almighty has given him, in doing the work he finds he is fit for." It is when a man is lazy and idle that he commits the mortal sin against his own evolution and advancement, no matter how polished or refined he may be in his self-indulgence. Polish and refinement are to be compared with beauty in a woman, which, however pleasing and attractive, can never be all-satisfying, and which, if not combined with the finer qualities of mind and heart, is valueless.

Next to the infusing of the spirit of effort among Yale men, comes the friction of the widely-varying minds with one another. The rich and the poor, the cultured and the uncouth, meeting with generous contact upon a plane of equality, make an exchange of mental and moral qualities by which all gain. The poor man—we are speaking of types—of boundless ambitions and capabilities for work, incites his rich classmate to the desire for self-improvement. The rich man lends his culture and polish to smooth off the harshnesses of the untrained youth, and with his more delicate sensibilities, refines his perceptions. By this scope of companionship men, whose capital consists not in wealth but in strength of purpose and elevation of

aim, are attracted to Yale. Here we have cause for sober pride, and a proof, moreover, of the breadth of the Yale spirit, in that it draws such opposite classes of men, the one with the idea of four years of hard work, the other with the idea of a smattering of learning and a very pleasant life. Despite the democratic tendencies among these different classes of men there is no dead-level of equality among them, but a large and wide aristocracy of workers, whose pride it is to serve their college in whatever way they are able. Against such a humble and modest body of leaders we hear no complaints from men who have lacked not the opportunity, but the ambition or the perseverance or the capacity for hard work which has put others ahead of them.

In widening our view and looking at the mass of Yale men, graduates as well as undergraduates, we find the effects of the democratic spirit, first, in their tenacious attachment to their Alma Mater; and this is but a natural sequence, since all having received equal rights from her, all are equally devoted to her service. Next to their deep devotion to their college, Yale Alumni are notable for their essential unity as a body. And this is doubtless due to the fact that while in college all came under the same influences, all were molded by the same spirit, and this, because all classes being merged into one great whole, one standpoint served for all, and the different impressions consequent upon varying social strata in college, were avoided.

Having glanced at the relation of our subject to Yale men in and out of college, let us inquire what influence these men thus molded, are likely to have upon our national spirit. To do this we must understand somewhat of the social conditions under which we live.

Our country has been the first to have the opportunity of giving its people social equality; for in it alone have the two necessary factors of political freedom and universal education been combined and developed. And, having from its earliest beginnings, the further advantage of being a commercial and not a military nation, she has

taught the world a lesson of social freedom that excites the envy not only of the masses of Europe but of her deepest thinkers and statesmen as well. During our short existence we have shown the capabilities of a nation where privilege and favoritism are unknown, where, in a word, every man has a fair chance. Social equality, I take it, means no more than this; namely, giving every man a fair chance. An absolute equality would be always impossible, owing to the difference in men's productive force. But there is no unfairness in a State where free education is granted every man, and where with it, the knowledge is borne in upon him, that upon his individual work, and that alone, depended whether he would occupy the highest or the lowest position in the land.

Such then, has been the social attitude of our country up to this time. One factor, however, must not be overlooked. So far we have had the added help of being a poor nation, in which it is obviously easy enough for class distinctions to be avoided, all men being workers and breadwinners. The crucial test to the endeavor to preserve social equality, comes when riches and luxuries increase and abound, widening the gap between the very rich and the very poor and leaving between the long ladder of intermediate social positions. The richest country in the world now, we have this most powerful obstacle to overcome before we can preserve in its simplicity our democratic national spirit.

Thinking and observing men tell us that these are critical and important years in which we live. Engaged, as we are, in what Lord Bacon calls the heroic work of making a nation we "stretch our hand into the future, with power to mold the destinies of unborn millions." The dangers ahead are real and not fancied. Materialism, the greed of riches, is wide-spread and deep-rooted. The fashionable and frivolous upper classes, constantly recruited from the ranks of the *nouveau-riches*, exert a steady influence to narrow and falsify our national spirit, an influence which is none the less powerful because unconscious. The harm they do consists in the mental effects produced in

others by their ideas and modes of life, in perverted standards which encourage a love of money, a contempt for work, and an exaltation of position above character. In these years of such importance in determining our social future, Yale stands, through the influence of the men she molds, to stem the tide of luxuriousness, to preserve to the utmost of her power, our simple and democratic national spirit. Proud and thankful then should we be of this molding spirit, handed down by our predecessors. And the more we appreciate it, the more will we do to continue this our inheritance and to widen and deepen and strengthen it.

Thus more and more will Yale become the champion and representative of what is most American and most to be prized in this great land of ours, namely, social equality, the right of every man to develop and improve himself, without hindrance, to his greatest possible limit.

Richard M. Hurd.

TWO PICTURES.

A faint, gray twilight bursting out of darkness,
A dimming, paling of Heaven's watch-fires bright,
Dank, vaporous mists o'er vale and lowland rolling,
Mountains and hills in forest vesture dight,
One burst of song from thousand throats outpouring
A lay of greeting to the nascent light,
Phoebus loud knocking at the Eastern portal—
Gone is the night !

A flood of crimson glory fast receding
In splendor from a distant Western shore,
A peaceful hush o'er Nature's fair face stealing,
Grim Darkness stalking through some phantom door,
Pale Luna's silver face high in the heavens,
Each fitting moment goldening more and more,
The countless hosts of Heaven their watch-fires lighting—
The day is o'er !

—Samuel N. Pond.

COQUEMARE.

COQUEMARE was sitting with admirable patience and serenity upon a hard and uncompromising rock which formed one lip of a deep-mouthed abyss. From over the other lip flowed the clear water of a charming brook which broke itself against the air as it fell, and treacherously revealed to Coquemare's imagination the water-spirits mingled with the spray in which they had reposed a misplaced confidence. The hemlocks which a courage little short of rashness had led to choose the crevices of the rocks for their foundations had long ago received their recompense in the exposure of their roots to every tempest. There was an ant at his feet vainly striving to transport the leg of a grasshopper up the perpendicular face of a stone, when there existed a much safer and more agreeable path along its base. These objects Coquemare noted with placid content. Their common position as victims of too great a trust in the future gave him a serious satisfaction. It was a proof that his judgment of the destiny of men and things was a just one. And, in fine, how could he be mistaken? Did he not know a conspicuous example? And then he began to review the history of a certain Coquemare of his acquaintance, who had met with misfortune. He regarded it solely from point of view of a sympathising friend. To begin with, it certainly was not the fault of his friend Coquemare that he had been discovered in a basket at the door of M. the Curé when as yet his age could scarcely have exceeded a month. That was clearly to be attributed to Providence. Nor again was Coquemare responsible for the circumstances of his early life. These had been determined by M. the Curé, whom Providence, always Providence, had led to make choice of La Mère Montrou as the guardian of his infancy. Providence really seemed to have been interested in Coquemare during his early life. Where the poor devil had deceived himself was in refusing to permit Providence to continue to direct his

career. It was not that Le Père Sarmouille was not a good baker, but, *diantre*, it was not amusing to inhabit the same house with him. He should have been guided by the Curé, and then he would have been converted into a game-keeper of Monseigneur the Baron instead of having been compelled to roast himself twice a day in the great oven.

Here Coquemare's thoughts were diverted by the chirping of a cricket which was balancing itself gaily upon the end of an upright stick, with its wings raised over its back in the traditional posture of the cricket which sings. He picked up a piece of wood and skillfully overturned the support of the singing cricket. Then he was at the same moment inspired with sympathy for the cricket and struck by the remarkable similarity between the case of Coquemare and that of this inoffensive insect, both having fallen into trouble through the precipitancy of the same individual. Further than this the mind of Coquemare refused to carry the simile. Therefore he broke off from the cricket and returned more directly to the case of his friend. It was surprising with what clearness he discerned the errors of judgment committed by this unfortunate man. The most inexcusable of all was his failure to avoid the conscription by flight, when nothing was more simple. He had trusted, fool that he was, that the army would be better than the house of Le Père Sarmouille. He had deserted the home of his infancy for the house of the accursed baker under the same delusion. Besides, it had not appeared to him likely that he would draw the black ball. He had had too much of the mistaken trustfulness of youth. Still, Coquemare was to be congratulated that he had never been in love. It might naturally have been expected from one of his disposition that he should be amorous of some one. Or, perhaps, on second thought, the subject in general was not sufficiently well known to him to permit him to judge of the reasons which had reserved the heart of Coquemare solely for the use of its first possessor. At least it seemed to him curious that it should have been so. Here was a youth of twenty-one, a stout fellow, and not at all ill-looking, who had really con-

trived to draw the black ball in the conscription without causing sobs to be breathed in his ear from any gentle bosom. It was an occasion for jokes. At least Coquemare should have reckoned it among the interventions of Providence that it was so, the jokes notwithstanding. But there the interventions of Providence had ceased for the unhappy fellow.

At this point Coquemare ceased his silent musing, and with a black frown gathering upon his brow began to mingle deep curses with the roar of the falling water. "*Ah, scélérat !*" he cried, shaking his clenched hand in the air, "if ever I hold thee at the end of my gun, *garde a toi.*" Then with his eyes darting flames and his body trembling with rage, half aloud and half in unintelligible murmurs he rehearsed the events of his life in the army. Through the fury of his passion the name of one man kept recurring, followed each time by a storm of curses to which the thunder of the cascade lent a sonorous accompaniment. It was under the evil eye of this man that he had drawn the black ball. It was he who had marched the recruits through wind and rain twelve weary leagues a day for three most miserable days. It was again the Sergeant Patard who, in revenge for an insult partly fancied, partly real, had goaded and tormented the recruit until, stung beyond endurance, Coquemare had struck his superior with a knife. He remembered well the rapture of the moment when he thought to have killed him. At least he had had the good intention. He would have succeeded but for Destiny. *Bah*, come what might, he was rid of Patard now—miserable thief! It was now ten days since he had escaped from the regiment. As these thoughts passed through his mind a hawk rose screaming from the forest behind him. Coquemare started nervously and then laughed. "*Va, vieux filou,*" said he, "if thou wert a hawk thou couldst not catch me. I spit upon thee." Then suddenly he began to tremble violently. A sapling in the forest near him was swaying to and fro without wind—there was no wind. As he looked a sharp rattle came from the direction of the sapling—a musket grounded on a stone. The face of Coquemare grew hard

and set. There were but two ways out; one through the trees, the other into the abyss. Coquemare picked up two stones and advanced toward the forest. Then he hesitated, stopped, and returned to the brink of the chasm, over which he carefully dropped one of the stones, leaning far out to watch it fall and strike the rocks below, where it split into many fragments. He turned and paced back and forth upon the edge for a minute, then stooped and began to throw stones in the direction where now the words of command were audible. As the coats of the soldiers became visible through the leaves he returned to the edge and dropped another stone, saying as it fell "Time—eternity; it is not so very far." And as the soldiers advanced he sat down upon the brink and slid gradually over.

"Bah," said the Sergeant Patard, as he stood looking over at the crushed body below, "he was a fool. There is not even a reward."

Gifford Pinchot.

ARAB LOVE SONG.

Awake! awake! the dawn is near,
The stars have dimmed from out the sky,
From mountain clefts the winds have slid,
The moon hath drawn a silken lid
Across the brightness of her eye,
And I await thee. Oh arise!
And shake the dream-dew from thine eyes
And smile as dreams do. I have crossed
Hot sands and felt the mountain frost
Since morning, all to see thy face,
To feel thy breath upon my hair,
To kneel down at thy feet and there
Forget all life and time and place.
Sweet, Allah made the morning hour
For thee and me. Thy ring-doves bill
And nestle at thy window-sill
Cooing, come forth, O desert flower,
And breath upon my tired eyes,
Sweeter than flowers of Paradise
In Eden's bloom. Arise! arise!

—*Arthur W. Colton.*

COUNT TOLSTOI AND "MY CONFESSION."

AS we have been drilled both by tradition, and by the teaching of home and school, rather in the doctrines of personal rights, than personal duties—in personal self-assertion of claims to property, place, social and political privilege than in the renunciation of these as unnecessary, and even barriers to true attainment, and as we do not seem to be by temperament a religious people, Count Tolstoi's ideas will perhaps receive among us more scorn as the fanatical theories of a self-confident thinker, whose beliefs are unworthy of even a serious examination, than acceptance. To those, however, who have learned to know him as "Levin" in "*Anna Karenina*," who have been brought face to face with one of those omnipotent personalities from the meshes of whose influence it is impossible to escape the same man, who have recognized not alone an intellect of supreme power, but an intellect so permeated and pervaded by love and the gentler feelings of the soul that the end of its action is almost instinctively the good and the true, no such easy scorn is possible. However sharply they conflict with those opinions held by all as fundamental to the social structure, and which are unquestioningly acquiesced in as natural laws, however keenly they appeal for their comprehension to a spiritual consciousness which most of us do not possess at all, however uselessly sacrificial, and futilely unselfish, void of power, potency and purely sentimental his doctrines may be, which he calls not his own with the positiveness of a dogmatist compelling the human universe to gravitate about his theory, but another's to whose name and authority he himself is a reverent self-condemning disciple, they cannot be lightly put aside from this very power of the man, which renders all that he says of importance to all. But "*My Religion*" and the direct and indirect illumination which his novels throw upon his character, do not of themselves reveal to us the method by which these ideas took shape in his own mind, whether the cause of their

origin was mainly thought, or mainly experience, or both. The character of Levin with his ruthless sincerity, his terribly simplifying simplicity which has the power of a prism upon light, his weaknesses and his immense strength, like an inner fire steadily transmuting them into additional personal force, his unceasing struggle for some solid foundation for action, his deep sympathy with the humblest forms of life, is indeed a key to the comprehension of the author, yet presenting as it does a mere section of his life without beginning or end, and devoid of many of the incidences which lend so much force to the reality, stripped of that power of the first person singular which connects reader and writer by an electric current, it fails entirely to communicate the authority to his views which "My Confession" gives. As we read it and pass with him through phrase after phrase of doubt, of mental and spiritual endeavor, we begin to understand upon what a conquered kingdom of darkness, upon what varied experiences of external and internal life the solution presented in "My Religion" stands, and that this, so far from being the dream of imagination, and the offspring of a childlike credulity in the power of society over itself, is in reality the result of a life of wide activity—of extraordinary thought interpreting an extraordinary experience with every class and condition of men. That all the countless lines of growth possible to a man who mingles freely in the turmoil of the world, shares in its social, political, military, artistic events and who at the same time lives within himself a complex life of ever active thought, feeling, soul, converge in this as their center and goal; we begin to understand that it is the outcome of the wrestling of a strong Titanic man with the significance of things, a conclusion to fifty years of life, which has turned darkness into light. And it is this long experience united with an unbending devotion to the truth, firm refusal to deceive himself, self-abrogation to the depths of humility, and the whole vitalized by an irresistible humanity which surges into every nook and corner of his thought as the ocean tide into every cranny of the coast, that lends such tremendous momentum to his ideas. "My Confession" is in reality a short but vivid history

of Tolstoi's internal life. Of a youth breaking away from the bonds of religion, and growing up in reliance upon modern science and literary ideals, the dissatisfaction with which as a sustaining creed which gave meaning and power to effort exerted itself with greater and greater vehemence. How, searching with keener scrutiny into his own life and that of educated men like himself, the utter lack of connection between their opinions and their daily conduct, their vagueness, their conflict, their alien position to the soul and utter emptiness with reference to the great questions of life, at last undermined his belief and shattered his armor, until, to escape from his merciless self-questioning, from the annihilation which he longed for and toward which he felt himself driven, he was forced to seek to reconstruct his life upon a different basis. Like a madman in a prison he rushes now against this wall, now against that, only to recoil bruised and wounded. He turns to philosophy. It has an echo but no answer. He turns to science. It is an empty network of laws, a huge mask with a soulless skeleton inside. He turns to the great and wise of old, but these simply image his own despair. They answer him that life is an evil, and that in the future there may be hope, but not in the present. He turns at last from the educated men, from culture and science and art, from literature, one of whose greatest masters he himself had been, but whose honors and rewards were futile in satisfying the needs of his soul, to the humble people of the village and the field, and there finally he finds in their instinctive faith, strong to live a life of hardship, sorrow, drudgery of the most unendurable description, an answer to his questions. The mighty thinker, the imagination which had surveyed comprehensively the whole domain of knowledge, the insight which had penetrated into the meaning of its garnered results is compelled to acknowledge itself naught before the simple instinct of a toiling peasant.

The readers of "Anna Karenina" cannot but feel the deep-souled sympathy, the unforced willingness and gladness of heart with which the author depicts this peasant life. So strongly and nobly human is that nature, so throb-

bingly full of a real—not artificial life, that it can neither calm nor cool itself save in the great welling fountains of common being. Yet with this, too, one is compelled to think that in that yearning for its quiet and peace is embodied a delusive desire to surrender the intellectual existence of a more highly organized nature, to flee from the darknesses which the fatal gift of thought imposes, and wrap himself up in the acquiescent blindness and dullness of a mere animal life, bounded by its own bovine placidity. But "My Confession" evidences this longing to have been rather an instinctive recoiling from the intellect on the whole truth, the instinctive perception that in it considered by itself could lie no revelation of the true meaning of life. The faith of the peasantry connected their life with an eternal law, which lifted the human soul into a consciousness, drawing irresistibly into itself all the numberless thrilling threads of mind and spirit, of a immutable Power surging ever through all living and created things, and which is God; and this faith universally, though differently expressed, he declares to be a necessity, native to the soul—an inherent quality of it—the failure to satisfy which leaves the life shriveled, distorted, ruined. In the exaltation and fullness of his delight at his escape from spiritual, material death, he reunited himself with the Russian Church. But only temporarily, for its formulas elevating into absorbing prominence what to him was of the least, at last drives him into a re-examination not of faith as a law of life, but of its substance, and "My Religion" was the result. This bare outline of the genesis of his faith does not indicate the vividness, the tremendous force of thought and feeling with which he has delineated it, but it shows how essential it is to a comprehension of his life and his religious opinions, and how immensely it strengthens them, and furthermore, it bridges over that vast dark chasm in "My Religion" between the world within a man, and that dim, unseen world external to him, and without this connection there is no satisfaction and no peace.

But the struggles, the wrestlings with the meaning of life which Tolstoi so fully reveals to us in "My Confes-

sion," are not so helpful as they might be were they not the representation of a man of genius gifted with an intellect of power and originality and a great and sympathetic heart, and consequently without the pale of ordinary life, because of these very qualities. Few, unfortunately, are so humble in mind, or so deficient in heart as to escape the possibilities of the torture and anguish of soul which springs from an inability to discover a real vitalizing center of their efforts, but still fewer have the penetration and spiritual insight to wring a meaning from their experience, to struggle out of the gloom without quieting themselves with an intellectual opiate and so stupefying the hydra-headed monster within. And there is indeed no test more vital of the intrinsic power a man has than the way in which he triumphs over these inescapable questions. Platitudes, affectations, sentimentalities, arid theories drop utterly from a man, and leave his soul naked and defenceless. They are staffs which break by their own weight and where support is not to be found. A Goethe, a Carlyle, a Tolstoi, strive for years and at last, giants as they are, manage to hew a pathway through the jungle. They conquer through the mighty resources of their natures. Most, however, have either to accept again what they have once felt to be untrue, or remain chained to the dead body of unbelief, which contaminates by its presence the very source of effort and of energy. Full of inspiration, then, as this book and this character is as an expression of moral victory, it fills one rather with a personal affection for the man and a deep admiration for his ruthless devotion to the truth and his unbending sincerity with self than with the light which it had for him. As it is experience which gives weight to all thought, so until we ourselves have lived in some degree through this world of knowledge and practical contact with men and things, the value of his results must be but dimly apprehended by our own mind. We must stand outside of it, not comprehend it instinctively from within, and the beliefs which he has arrived at as a universal solution may remain to us doubtful. Nevertheless, one conclusion may be drawn with some certainty, and that is that the man who refuses

to confine his reason to one line of activity, his imagination to his own exclusive circumstances, can never find the ultimate quietude out of which true life springs, without making the law of faith the law of his life. He must be able to see beyond the limits of his little insignificant life the visions of an infinitely broader and higher one to which he with all his pettiness has a definite relationship, and that until he has wrested this reluctant truth from his own experience no widely fruitful life is possible to him.

In the deep enthusiasm of renunciation Tolstoi has perhaps carried his views to an extreme which the thought of of the world, always wider and deeper than that of any one man, will not confirm and establish. His may be but the rude skeleton of a creed which must be completed. But that we cannot see that his system of life is true does not prove it untrue. What spiritual laws springing up into silently swift and powerful operation might ensue must remain unknown until the world has entered upon that experience—nay, already the world has had, perhaps, one instance of it in the power of Christianity itself, which may be that very power of unresisting strength of "infinite gentleness and infinite firmness" which is the foundation stone of this exposition of it.

Not the least difficult to understand and accept is his declaration that Art expressed in literary ideals has no evolving power—is merely "the ornament—the mirror of life." For that these ideas conflict hopelessly, that they present no definite coherent rules for the conduct of life, and are the exponent of no consistent system of truth may be confessed, yet their spirit is the same and it is this spirit, rather than a creed, which it is necessary to have. For the creed will take care of itself. Though Ruskin's religion is not Carlyle's, nor Tennyson's, Clough's, though George Eliot differ from them all, yet this difference, wide as it is, is merely an externality; internally they all unite upon Reverence as the soul of religion, and this they all teach. So the reader of *Aurora Leigh*, or *In Memoriam* is compelled himself to pass through those phases of thought and feeling which these poems

express, and does not this widen his spiritual perceptions, his conception of character, its needs, its manifestations, and by making these perceptions deeper and more acutely sensitive, does it not thereby make him potentially a more useful man? As the literature of the world is powerful through the very exemplification of the ideals of Christ with varied expression, with an incomparably widened range of application to our individual life than have come down to us from him, so the ideals of Tolstoi himself would need to be vivified unceasingly in different aspects and phases by the sympathetic imaginations of the great thinkers and writers to be thoroughly and broadly effective.

But whatever be the truth or falsity of his opinions, perhaps their central conception is one that most of us have not learned, but need most profoundly to learn, that gentleness, in the intellectual and spiritual as well as the physical world is a mightier weapon than self-assertive force. That it is silent like the light, but like the light it flashes through the darkness and dissipates it. That many a man whose soul has in it a quick and instinctive recognition of the noble and beautiful in life would be not only a far more useful but in reality a far stronger man, would he but transform his violence of self-expression into the quietness of not a yielding but an unbending humility. The quiet mirror of a lake reflects the banks and the trees and the blue face of the heavens—ruins it and it becomes nought but the dark expression of itself. And so a man cuts off from himself all his power of comprehending others. To a young man Tolstoi presents the stumbling block of the discouragement, rather than the encouragement of his search for knowledge; and this is the criticism which gradually forms itself in the mind upon deeper acquaintance with him—that while he has laid strong emphasis upon that vital truth that the power of Life, the power to live, to exist, to Be, is in the feelings of the heart, he has not laid an equal emphasis upon that complementary truth, not the less necessary and vital, that the power to apply these feelings to the wide world beyond self is in the intellect.

Wm. P. Aiken.

FRIAR AMBROSE.

THE vesper service was over, and the sound of the brothers' footsteps as they paced slowly to their cells had died away, but before the organ Friar Ambrose still sat, with head bowed upon his clasped hands, the look of listening as though to catch some far-away sound, from which his countenance was never free, deepened now almost to an agony of attention that caught and bound each line of his face as though chiselled in stone. But the noisy sparrows, silent for a moment in the ivy that sheltered their nests outside the open windows, again struck up their chatter, the drawn muscles relaxed into their accustomed expression of patient waiting, and with a sigh the monk turned to close the chapel and organ for the night.

Among all the brotherhood Friar Ambrose stood alone, as complete a stranger as though the thirty winters from which the monastery walls had sheltered him had been but a single day; more so indeed, for time neglected takes his revenge upon us by building a wall of separation between us and those whom we refuse to know, a barrier which grows ever more insurmountable, and replacing with its cold presence the quick bonds of love and sympathy keeps us forever friendless among friends. So as the months had passed, and every attempt on the part of his associates at any closer acquaintance than their common duties and life necessitated had been defeated by his silence and reserve, they gradually ceased to offer the advances which he always put aside. He left indeed no sense of rudeness or bitterness in their hearts; always when addressed he would answer with brief but perfect courtesy; but still as he spoke or listened it was as one whose thoughts are elsewhere, to whom one is either a blank or an intruder. At first vague hints and conjectures used to be passed about concerning the great sin which could so isolate one soul from all others as to require

penance like that of Friar Ambrose, whose slow tread might always be heard up and down his cell far into the night, and often until day came again. They were believed by the very guilty, whose own base natures always rendered plausible the worst interpretation of others, and by the very innocent, to whose child-like simplicity, unlearned in the divine compassion which comes of temptations vanquished, the unintelligible easily seemed some monstrous evil. But good and bad report were all alike to Friar Ambrose; his perfect unconsciousness of wrong was an effectual shield against the shafts of malice and misunderstanding. He was oblivious to all his surroundings because for him life was given over to one mastering purpose, a thought that seemed always to have been a part of him, implanted with life itself, growing with his growth, drawing to itself his every resource and power, but still finding all too feeble for its expression. Even as he sat before the organ he had heard again the far-away strains of that heavenly music which angels seemed to sing to him, the revelation which the infinite Father had made him, which waking and sleeping never ceased to echo in his soul, and which he knew was shown him that he might join in it and so pour forth his highest praise. But again his intensely listening ears had heard yet not retained, as one may be moved by soft tones that speak in a foreign tongue, but leave no lasting remembrance because as they die away their meaning is unknown; again to his striving, longing, praying soul the revelation had failed to come; and again he had turned to his place in the machinery of life, seeking with patient humility to free himself from the clog that still held him back, the remnant of his gross nature which still deadened his spiritual senses.

As he paused to close and bolt the door which led into the deserted and rapidly darkening street, his attention was attracted by the unaccustomed sound of a child's voice, which seemed to come from one of the seats near at hand. When he hastened to ascertain the cause of so unusual an intrusion, he saw by the light of the taper which he had taken from its place the form of a sleeping

woman, who had with her little child wandered in unnoticed through the open door, and, lulled by the chant of the monks, had sunk into heavy slumber. The loneliness and increasing gloom had terrified the child, a little boy perhaps four years old, who was now endeavoring with sobs and tears to awaken his mother. But the long endured privation and weariness which the haggard features attested held her too firmly, and she still slept on. At first sight of the woman the good brother had paused for a moment, with that involuntary reluctance to rouse to the cares and troubles of life which makes sleep seem an almost sacred thing, and the boy ceased crying and gazed with round eyes at the monk's tall figure. But even for Friar Ambrose, unaccustomed as he was to the dark language of human sin and woe, it needed no second glance to read the unmistakable signs of the woman's degradation in the luxurious but untidy dress, the sensuous form and face that told of passions that knew no sleep, the look of boldness that had replaced her maiden modesty and turned her beauty to a loathsome thing like a lily mildewed; and shuddering at the thought that this, God's temple, should be so defiled, he hastily aroused her and rudely hurrying her forth closed and made fast the door. But not so could he drive out the sense of pollution which the presence of the woman had inspired in him. For the first time he had felt himself in contact with foul sin, and he felt his own purity sullied by its touch. He, the chosen of God! He, whose ears had been opened to the heavenly choir! To his morbid spirit the very air about him was tainted, and as one who flees the plague he rushed from the chapel and to his cell. But it was of no avail. In his ears sounded the mad laughter of fiends shrieking "Unclean! Unclean!" and his affrighted senses, deserted of volition, became, like outposts captured by the enemy, so many gateways for the entrance of the spirits of evil which swarmed to overpower the mind that garrisoned the inner citadel. Half paralyzed it fought for a moment in the unequal contest, then wavered and fled; and at the same moment with the dying gleam of consciousness the old song sounded for the

last time in the monk's ears and was gone; and it was as if an angel of light had risen heavenward and vanished in the distance and left all dark behind.

In the blackness of deep night the monk awoke upon his hard floor, with a despair at his heart that was blacker than the night. His life-purpose was gone forever, and henceforth his life was useless, hopeless. For hours he lay in a half stupor, each moment endless because there was no future to look forward to. Yet even so, in all the dreariness of his despair, not a thought of rebellion or complaint against the all-wise Power which had molded and shaped all his life to this one purpose, and now thus snatched away the end and left all a useless fragment, ever found harbor for a moment in his soul.

Night paled into a gray and cheerless dawn, and mechanically Friar Ambrose set about his accustomed tasks. Had they been in the past less a matter of routine to him they would have been neglected now and unendurable. As it was their perfunctory discharge had become so habitual with him that they were performed without conscious effort or any sense of occupation, although they insensibly furnished some relief to the mental paralysis which seemed to have come upon him. Little by little as time went on his broken spirit gathered to itself new life, which sought an outlet in the activities allowed it, and thus gradually his eyes were opened to a new significance in what had before been but drudgery. Slowly, and with groping and wavering advance, he learned to find in serving his fellow-men a substitute for the higher service which it was denied him to perform; and the seeds of love, which had lain dormant before because there was no contact with men to warm them into life, now began to expand and bloom like belated blossoms of springtime.

It was just at the close of an early autumn day that there came to the monastery a hurried summons for a priest to administer the last rites to a woman who was said to be dying in the hospital near at hand, and soon Friar Ambrose, as eager now to be the means of bringing peace and comfort to some poor soul as he had formerly

been reluctant, was making his way down the long line of cots to one by whose side a dim light burned. But a sudden faintness seemed for a moment to drive backward the tide of life within him as he recognized that face which once before a flaring candle had disclosed, not distorted as now with pain and terror, but in the calm of sleep. Yet even in the same moment came to him a great gladness that it was given him to strive to lead to peace this sin-stained soul, which he had once met and repulsed with no effort to bring it to better things. With naught but pitying and patient love in his heart he listened to her out-poured confession, and sought through the long night-hours to clear away the black terrors which hung over the fearful soul.

It was broad day when the monk returned to the monastery, but, uplifted by the scene through which he had just passed, and inured by constant practice to long vigils, he felt no need of repose. He had not touched the organ since that night when he had heard for the last time the angel-song, but now as he passed by the deserted chapel a sudden longing seized him once again to press his fingers upon the keys, and presently he was seated before the organ, and under his meditative touch came the rich sweet chords. Insensibly as he played, self-forgetful and thinking only of the soul for which he was pouring forth his heart in prayer, his thoughts found voice; unconsciously at first, then with a growing sense of half recognition, he found himself following some unknown harmony that yet seemed not to be new or altogether strange; and suddenly, with a thrill that sent his very soul surging outward like a tide of mighty waters that has burst its fettering dykes and sweeps all before it, he heard the melody re-echoed by chanting hosts, and earth and heaven were tuned in harmony, and all things joined in swelling the mighty anthem that was no longer as words that are spoken in a foreign tongue, but seemed to have been known forever.

Herbert A. Smith.

ZEPHYRUS.

The pure are ever pure and the impure
Are still unholy, and the soil without
On lip or look, albeit well glazed o'er
With honeyed sweets or veiled 'neath fringed lash
Or covert in the blossom of a smile,
Betrays the blemish of the soul within.
And so it chanced that in the early year,
When springs were liquid and the grass was lush,
And Nature cast her bonds and lightly broke
To larger freedom in the summer fields,
Tithonus came to heaven.

Passing sweet
Aurora's honeymoon and passing sweet,
In first false flush of passion, thus to break
Beyond the bounds of godhood modesty.
But as the grave-faced days went silent by
Her nature took a grosser shade, she watched
The speeches of the gods perchance to find
Food for a wanton jest in double sense,
Or the lascivious glancing of an eye.

Athene chaste, Athene beautiful,
Beneath whose star-white forehead, cold and high,
Looked forth her eyes like smouldered fires ash-dimmed—
Eyes that full oft had waked to flame 'mid clash
Of steel and hurtling spear, and seared their will
Into a thousand high, heroic hearts—
Was coldness still to all the gods save one
And he was fair-haired Zephyrus, the pure
And gentle, but to him her heart unbound
Its girdle, half in doubt to let him love.
For so the depths of her pure nature found
Rare complement in him. But few among
The gods essayed to scandal; their false words
Fell like a harmless arrow at her feet.

Athene chaste, Athene beautiful
Stood with the gentle Zephyrus by the sea
And watched the long waves dip and kiss the sand
To break in ripples in and out among
The shells and pearls set in the golden beach.
The day-god drove his weary chariot down,
Casting his shafts behind him till they clove

The darkness into shadow-lines, and then
The vigilant archer stars came out and shot
Their ineffectual arrows, and the god
Watched smiling for a moment and was gone.

Then Zephyrus, hushing down the fears that strove
To master, spoke the burden of his heart :—
“Athene mine,—O let me call thee mine
Nor turn in anger from me! I have watched
Thy steps this many a day in the lone path
Of thy dread, lonely power, far-reaching, vast
As the eternal space where yonder fires
Gleam passionless and cold—power wisdom-born,
Inexorable, strange to the laws of love
And so denied to use which is the end
And purpose of all being. But that power
Mysterious of which the Parcae tell,
Dipping its base below the Universe
To push its pinnacles beyond the stars
And high Olympus, some new god shall wield
Being wise and pure, far mightier than Jove.
If then thy godhood in my own has found
Its counterpart, O let thy wisdom wed
My grace that so this god, as yet unborn,
May reach his arms about the mighty world
And draw obedience to his gentle will,
All-wise, all-powerful, and the fires grow cold
In Vulcan's stithy!”

But a shudder ran
Along the land, leaping from rock to rock
Till it was carried out into the sea
That suddenly awoke and moaned and tossed
As from a troubled dream, and a voice cried
In mockery “So ye are caught at last!
And heaven henceforth is one vast pleasure-house!
Thus wisdom is grown wise and sips the sweet
Of honeyed love!”

Whereat Athene snatched
Her spear and on its shaft her fingers played,
Longing to hurl it, but her passion passed—
“Thy words are *thy* accusers, harlot! Thou
Art all undone for on thee rests a curse
Of thine own making, thou art all undone.
Immortal age and not immortal youth
Is for Tithonus. Thou hast wrought the curse,
Not I!” and with the uttering she was gone.
And left alone the harlot goddess fell,

A sullied pearl, among the many shells
Set in the golden beach. But murmuring
"How is thy godhood fallen!" Zephyrus caught
His mother in his arms, and turned away
With that sad burden, murmuring "Fallen, fallen,"
Till the sea echoed "Fallen," and so slept.

—Hubert Wetmore Wells.

MOUNTAINEERING.

MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING has a double aspect: on one side we see the toil, the danger, the privations, together with the exhilaration and pleasures of true mountaineering; on the other, the sham imitation of this noble pursuit, the laughable pretense and show of dignity, which characterize the imitator of the real mountaineer. Much has been written on the grandeur of mountain scenery and on the pleasures and benefits of mountaineering; Alpine literature is stocked with tales of adventure among the high peaks; but Mark Twain in "A Tramp Abroad" was, perhaps, the first to ridicule the farcical side of mountain-climbing. The spirit of competition and the desire of acquiring some consideration as a climber, leads many who are incapable either through want of proper training or lack of physical force, to undertake expeditions for which they are utterly unfit. Worse than this, it tends among many towards a gross exaggeration of feats performed, and leads others, who do not climb at all, into the folly of donning the mountaineering costume and accoutrements only to spend the summer in forming elaborate plans for future work, and in vain regrets that "the weather has not been finer." But the unconscious subject of most of the ridicule aimed at these would-be mountaineers, is the man who endeavors to give dignity and the semblance of danger to a simple and easy climb. He it is whom Mark Twain satirizes in the extravagant account of his trip up the Riffleberg—the man who is

never seen without his vail, his rope, his guides, who brandishes his ice-axe in everyone's face and is ever ready with a tale of his own adventures. But amongst much that is light and humorous in "A Tramp Abroad" there are passages here and there which show clearly the author's strong love of mountains; and exquisite descriptions of scenery testify to his appreciation of the beauties of the high Alps. When he first came to a near view of the Jungfrau, he says: "There was something subduing in the influence of that silent and solemn and awful presence; one seemed to meet the immutable, the indestructible, the eternal, face to face." The mountains were no longer dull and inert masses of rock and ice; they were become things of life, strong, enduring, beautiful. A desire for climbing followed this appreciation of the mountains. Soon after he says: "I had been looking aloft at the giant snow-peaks only as things to be worshipped for their grandeur and magnitude, and their unspeakable grace of form; I looked up at them now as also things to be conquered and climbed."

Among the more recent Alpine literature of the lighter sort, Alfonse Daudet's "Tartarin on the Alps" is remarkable for the apt way in which he ridicules the French quasi-mountaineer. The fact that this sort of mountaineering is indulged in chiefly by the French, affords an excellent opportunity for the delicacy and refinement of his wit. Strikingly original in its conception is the "Company" supposed to have charge of Switzerland, hotels, guides, *chasseurs*, waterfalls, glaciers, everything, which took care that there should be no accidents, stationed a porter at the bottom of every crevasse, to brush the snow from the unwary tourist's coat, which, in a word, had the whole country machined like the floor beneath the stage in the opera. When the existence of this "Company" is discovered, M. Tartarin's mind is set entirely at ease. To the amazement of his guides he makes light of their earnest protestations, and at the most critical points stops to joke, or to give them a snatch of a Tarasconnais love-song. But the French *soi-disant* mountaineer shows him-

self off to better advantage in the Pyrenees than in the Alps. At Cauterets or Bagnères-de-Luchon he is thoroughly in his element. Half an hour before his intended departure the melodious notes of the horn announce the arrival of the guides, who, mounted on gaily-decked animals, parade up and down the streets until a crowd is gathered. Presently *Monsieur* appears, dressed in an absurd caricature of the English walking costume, apparently ready for the excursion. But, no; the horses must be tried, and another half-hour is spent in galloping here and there, while the guides shout and crack their whips. At length suitable ones are selected; the mountaineer embraces his friends with fervor, and mounting, with guides riding both in front and behind, amid cheers the cavalcade starts. For an ascent? No; but for an *ascension*, to some lake or pass, to which the way is neither hard nor perilous, where he will meet with no snow, no ice, no danger, and from which he will return, preceded by clarions, to be again embraced by his anxious friends.

But to turn to the more serious side of mountaineering, the charge is often brought against mountaineers that they do wrong in willfully endangering their lives on difficult ascents. Now though Alpine disasters are due to several distinct causes, a large number are known to have been simply the result of carelessness, such as prematurely discarding the rope, or neglecting to have the boots properly nailed; add to these the accidents caused by the giving away of artificial aids, and the scarcely less avoidable ones due to natural causes, as, for instance, avalanches or the breaking away of a snow cornice, and we see that experienced climbers, with the exercise of all possible prudence and care, and attended by guides skilled in mountain-craft, need be exposed to no unreasonable amount of danger. But granted that there be danger—and a change of weather may well be the uncontrollable cause of it—is not Ruskin right when he says “No blame ought to attach to the Alpine tourist for incurring danger. There is usually sufficient cause, and real reward, for all difficult work; and even were it otherwise, some experience

of distinct peril, and the acquirement of habits of quick and calm action in its presence, are necessary elements, at some period of life, in the formation of manly character." Mention has been made of the extreme caution necessary in mountain-climbing. One famous climber goes so far as to say that every mountaineer should be a coward. And though Girdlestone and some others have, indeed, performed great feats in the Alps without guides, it is only after much experience has been acquired, and the practice is not to be recommended in general as a safe one, as has been recently brought to our minds by the sad accident on the Jungfrau. The choice of guides, too, is a matter of discretion. There is, of course, a difference between them; but, as a class, they are, I believe, as manly a set of men as can be found in Europe. Short, stocky, of tremendous strength and endurance, intelligent, abstemious, with a just pride in their profession, their honest, kindly, sincere disposition endears them to all who know them.

Ruskin claims that vanity and love of excitement, rather than regard for the beautiful in nature, are the leading motives in mountain-climbing. And though he is right to a certain extent, when he says that there is more true loveliness in one glade of pasture than in all the jagged crests from the Schreckhorn to the Viso, yet is there not something beside loveliness in nature, a sublimity, a nobleness, which one realizes when high among the crags of a snow-clad peak, that is entirely lacking in the meadows at its base? Then, too, there are trees and grass everywhere; there is but one Schreckhorn, but one Matterhorn. See these mountains once and their forms will be fixed in the memory forever. The mass of people who visit Switzerland suppose that the view from the high peaks is not equal to that from low summits, such as the Rigi or the Faulhorn. But no notion could be more false. Consult the works of the best mountaineers and it will be found that, almost without exception, what they considered their finest view was from a summit which cost no little toil and danger to reach. But let it not be

thought that the view from the top of a peak is the prime motor in mountain-climbing. The very fact that, amidst the many pages devoted to an ascent, but few lines are, as a rule, taken up with the view, would certainly point to a different conclusion. What, then, are the causes for the intense and growing fondness for mountaineering? Why is it that, as Baedeker says, the traveler who was a few years ago content to see the Alps from the railroad station at Berne must now be off with ice-axe and guide among the inmost recesses of the glaciers? Many, no doubt, explore the high Alps as Agassiz did, for scientific investigation; others, like Professor Tyndall, climb for the rest to their overworked brains which may be gained by the complete solitude; still others are urged on by the health and vigor consequent upon any physical exercise. But love of adventure, the poignant sensation of accomplishing something which others cannot do, the natural satisfaction and increased self-respect which come from the successful accomplishment of any difficult feat, the continually meeting with unaccustomed forms and objects, the fresh buoyancy of the cool mountain breezes, added to the noble and impressive scenery of the high Alps, these are what go to make up the pleasures of mountain-climbing.

George A. Hurd.

NATHAN HALE.

FROM a few footsteps, hardened in the rock formations of early ages, a naturalist will construct for us the full figure of some animal that at that time walked the earth. And though its size or form may be different from what we have ever seen or conceived of, we accept the picture, trusting that our scientist has rightly argued from his knowledge of nature. When too, across our own way, as we walk in the paths of history, there lies a fragment of some life, and perhaps on some tablet a few words that seem to speak from that life's soul, our own knowledge of human nature may often sketch before our minds the image of the man and the intuition of our feelings may spy his inmost soul.

Washington had called a solemn assembly of his officers in General Knowlton's tent. With little less than half the enemy's numbers and sickness and desertion daily thinning the ranks, with inexperienced, ill-clad and ill-fed troops, discouraged by their late defeat, and with no generals on whose experience he could rely, he was forced to guard a front fourteen miles long, looking at any moment and at any point for a descent by General Howe at the head of the "strongest army of that day in the world."

On one condition, an accurate knowledge of the enemy's strength and designs, seemed to hinge the fate of the army and with it possibly the destiny of the nation. To attempt to gain this information each officer present was personally invited and all, with one exception, declined. There was not one of them who would have shrunk from the cannon's mouth under the incitement of battle, but there was only one to whom the plain call of duty came strong enough to summon him to risk all the danger and ignominy of the lot of a spy.

Nathan Hale's last words to his friends and fellow-officers, who were entreating him to stay, flash a bright light

on his soul. "Every kind of duty necessary to the public good becomes honorable by being necessary. If the exigencies of my country demand a peculiar service, its claims to that service are imperious." I doubt if there exists in the annals of history a nobler creed of patriotism. By these few facts and this single sentence he becomes to us one of the first of American patriots.

But there is one more chapter in this short life, another crucial test, before the fullness of the man is shown. Captured on his return to the American camp, with his object well accomplished, and condemned the next day without a trial, he has spent his last night on earth in the charge of the British provost marshal, that rare product of American Toryism, whose nature never seemed more hideous than on this occasion. In fact his character appears as a designed foil to bring into clearer relief the nobility of his prisoner. As when, after taxing to the utmost his devilish ingenuity to deepen the horrors of that dark night, even refusing his prisoner's request for a Bible, he tore up his last words to his mother and sister with the remark that he "would not let the rebels know that they had a man who could die with such firmness." Here he became Hale's greatest eulogist.

How all the details that we can learn of that brutal execution only serve to bring out more strongly the martyr's last words! His complete isolation from friends, the face of his inhuman executioner, the possible jeers of the hireling soldiery, the throng of idle spectators, all appeared less to terrify than to inspire his soul. His patriotism seemed to shut out every other feeling and from the depths of his heart went up the words, "I regret that I have but one life to give my country."

Some historians give this event a few lines, some a footnote, while others pass it over in complete silence. What could be gathered of his life was compiled almost a century after his death. The details are meagre but we do not ask to know more. We are careless of his intellectual ability, though President Dwight testifies to it in verse, and we know that he was one of the founders of the

Linonian Society. We are as well indifferent to his physical appearance and his reputation for skill and daring, to which the mark of one of his phenomenal leaps, for many years shown on the Green, and his capture of the British prize sloop testify. It is the greatest testimonial to Nathan Hale, that we forget the man in the great idea which his life symbolizes. We know that duty was his only guide. His few words, reinforced by the events which brought them forth sum up for us all that is best in the patriotism of his patriotic times and make Nathan Hale the exponent to his countrymen of the first principle of national life.

Lewis S. Welch.

AURORA BOREALIS.

The lake is calm. The stars are bright
Naught breaks the quiet of the night.
The hills in sombre blackness lie
In contrast to the starlit sky,
Save where huge pines their heads rephrase
Above the lesser forests maze.
And, with the shadows which they make,
Blot out the stars in heaven and lake—
But lo! the northern heavens melt
Into a broad and brilliant belt
Of light. The stars grow pale and dim
About its ever changing rim.
And now the woods around give forth
Strange sounds, familiar to the North.
A bear, upon the distant height,
With long-drawn call awakes the night.
And startled hoots of owls reply
To the great divers mournful cry.—
And see! a liquid, gleaming bar
Shoots upward toward the Polar star.
Then sinuous lines of emerald green,
And golden billowy folds are seen.
Until the heavens are all aglow
With bars of pink, and waves of snow.
It fades. It dies. The stars grow bright
And shine again with wonted light.
Hushed is the forest, and, till day
Night holds uninterrupted sway.

H. M. S.

AN AMATEUR HERMIT.

HE was a little, old man with a merry twinkle in his eye, and, for that matter, a merry twinkle in both eyes, though you could seldom see them both at once as they moved with such careless indifference to each other and looked in quite divergent directions. Nevertheless they were merry, each in its own separate way, but both to the same purpose of beaming forth indications of the serene happiness and kind heart of their owner. Indeed, they seemed to have parted company in a kindly attempt to widen their range of vision to more than the hundred and eighty degrees allotted to common mortals, and thus attract by their brightness as many as possible to the enjoyment of their master's almost equally extensive and still more benevolent smile. But whatever they lacked of completing the circle and taking in, fly-fashion, the whole of Mother Nature and her children at one comprehensive glance was made up by the spryness of Père Boileau, who seemed to stand with arms and knees perpetually akimbo and his back bent like a half open jack-knife so that he could turn quickly and allow none of his friends to escape his recognition. Now, with his eyes and that smile which generally overspread the unoccupied portion of his countenance, there was very little room left for his stubbed white beard. So, just as one would expect, we find it consisting of a mere strip, stretching from ear to ear under his chin, after the fashion so popular with sailors, and which has been immortalized by that great self-made American who founded a newspaper. His hair, which was white as his whiskers, appeared to have long ago shown deference to the wishes of the head which it covered, and withdrawn to the lower edge of his shiny pate, forming there another silvery half-moon after the pattern of the one which his beard made in front.

It was in the hot days of midsummer, and as we worked at hay in the big north meadow, the fierce July sun, beat-

ing down, seemed to invigorate by its very intensity until we all shared alike in the exuberance of animate and inanimate life around us. The petulant cawing of a flock of crows in the distance and the honest call of the quail perched on a neighboring fence-post were each a summons to work and to happiness. All was life, joy, and hurry. Even the scythes, as they rung out melodious under the whet-stones, seemed to cry "Hurry! Hurry!" as if impatient to follow the nodding grass as it beckoned them onward. And so it struck us as being nothing strange to look across the long swaths to the road at the edge of the woods, and see Père Boileau also hurrying along on one of his occasional pilgrimages to the country store. He went with a quick little rolling gait which added to the quaintness of his appearance, and with his broad-brimmed straw hat and crooked stick it would have taken no great stretch of the imagination to have believed him to be some belated dwarf of the mountains who had lost his way after day-break and was scurrying off to hide till the moon should come out and light him home. Yet, though it seemed natural enough, nobody could tell exactly why Père Boileau should be in a hurry. He had no haying to do. Around his cottage there was no meadow, but only enough room for his garden, among the rocks and trees and wild flowers; and surely he lived alone, and had no family to care for. I began to feel an interest in our newly discovered neighbor and as we met from time to time, his artless ways and constant happiness roused my admiration and respect, as well as curiosity. But the curiosity finally got the better of the respect, for, you know, curiosity plays havoc with our manners in the country. So, as our acquaintance increased and his broken English with its strong French accent had become familiar enough for me to follow it through his rush of words and gesticulations, I began to try to find out why a man of such a sunny temperament should be willing to seclude himself in a lonely cottage among the rugged hills of New England. To my rather pointed inquiries he seldom made direct replies, his reason seeming to be not so

much reluctance to talk of himself as incredulousness that his affairs could be of interest to others. But he kept gradually telling me more and more till finally he promised that if I would come and take dinner with him he would tell me all about it. Now I knew that the old man took great pride in his culinary achievements, and, though it is wrong to say so, it seemed to me then that his chief reason for inviting me was his desire to show off his skill as a housekeeper.

I had found out that he had been a sailor most of his life, so as we sat down to dinner in his neat little kitchen, where everything seemed to have been polished up and set in order especially for the occasion, I had a basis to start on. Having the genuine mariner's delight in narrating adventures, he soon became interested in describing his many voyages. His father, he said, had been a smuggler on the coast of France, and he himself, as soon as old enough, had shipped on a merchantman as a common sailor. If his early influences had been bad, those of his middle life were worse. He spoke of these years of his prime with evident aversion. Although he avoided particulars, he made it plain that he had run up and down the whole gamut of crime, and its discordant clanging still rang in his ears when he gave way at all to recollection. But the great turning point of his life, as he described it, was when he sat half-drunk on the deck of a ship in the harbor of Calcutta. He was recovering from a debauch, and to his still beclouded mind there came a new thought, evidently as clear and well defined as if it had come to a sober man;—the novel, firm conviction that his life was one long failure. Père Boileau insisted that it was the direct interposition of the Almighty, for such reflections had been the farthest from his thoughts; but call it what you will, it was something which changed his whole life. His immoral conduct was given up, not without some severe struggles to be sure; but that ever recurring question, "What is this all for?" kept obtruding itself till it quite absorbed his thoughts. He came to America and gave up the sea, and, though unable to read his native

language, learned to speak and read English for the purpose of studying the Bible. In his later years he had given himself up more and more to contemplation, and at last had come away from the busy centers of the world's activity, not so much to avoid mankind, as to throw himself into closer relations with Nature and, as a little child, re-enter her great school. There was none of the sternness of the anchorite's vows, no cynical sneering at man's follies, only a calm trust in the gentle rule of love and an eager search for the truths which it taught.

As Père Boileau talked on he seemed to me another man. My amusement at his grotesque appearance and quaint manners was gone. Curiosity vanished, rebuked rather than merely satisfied, and there came instead a feeling of genuine reverence for my aged friend. Here was one who had been buffeted by the storms of life, who had been sucked down almost into the very vortex of the maelstrom of vice, and yet had escaped as it were by a miracle; and now though advanced in years and almost utterly unlearned he was thinking out for himself a system of philosophy which, though not elaborate, was to him as genuine as Tolstøi's system is to himself. And indeed, these two men, of such unequal powers of mind, and born under such widely different circumstances, had gone through the same revolt against evil and each by his own method had become a disciple of love. Both may have been deluded as to method. Tolstøi is sometimes censured for not devoting his fortune to manufacturing shoes and giving them away instead of keeping his wealth and laboriously cobbling a few pairs for his peasants. So some might criticise Père Boileau for leaving the great part of his fellow men and withdrawing into a comparative solitude to search for truth. But who knows that he in his simple, artless endeavor to find the true source of happiness did not shed more light and joy on the few lives that came under his influence than he could have done in any less humble way.

John C. Griggs.

NOTABILIA.

AT the beginning of a college year which opens with perhaps the brightest prospects, in all directions, of any in the history of Yale, sober thoughts as well as joyful must come to every one of us. And a few of these thoughts, with the change you have noticed on the cover of the LIT. for a text, we would try to put into words. It was not without much deliberation and a full understanding of the significance of the change that the words "Conducted by the Students of Yale *University*," were substituted for the old familiar formula. It was, of course, the same question that the President and Fellows decided last fall, the same balancing of added honor and dignity and added obligations and responsibilities. For unless the title, as so often in this country, be mere bombast and a crest of peacock feathers which add tawdriness to the insignificance of the jay, there must be a very real and deep meaning in the assumption by an institution of learning of the name of University. It is not necessary to try to define what it is that constitutes an University—something that has never yet been satisfactorily done. Ezra Cornell would have said that it was "a place where anyone might learn anything," and while we all recognize the extravagance and impracticability of the definition, we yet catch a glimpse of a very vital germ of truth. And that is, that whatever else a University may or may not be, it must never, in any way or direction, lay itself open to the charge of narrowness. Broadness is the stern, never-failing test of its genuineness and right to its title. It may specialize as it may please in its various professional departments, but it cannot limit its range of knowledge in any of those special branches. We feel that here at Yale. We have seen as the first-fruits of this responsibility an increase in the extent and breadth of our optional courses, of our graduate department, of our lecture courses, and have felt the new force in the direction of

liberality and sound scholarship. And we have noticed, on the students' part, how this has been met with increased numbers in the Graduate and more difficult optional courses, in a growth of thoughtfulness, and dignified attitude towards the work, and in the upspringing of a far more vital literary spirit. We are not sure that we are yet quite deserving of the title. In the academic department, while we should shrink from having a Yale degree of B.A. become of so little definite meaning as one at Harvard, yet many feel the limits in many branches to be rather narrowly drawn, and the bonds dangerously like fetters. But these things time is sweeping away, under the vigorous and progressive spirit of a faculty and President who are making Yale what she is and what every Yale man hopes she is to be.

* * * * *

And in this responsibility the students have no small share, and as they prove themselves strong or weak in sustaining it, so will the name of Yale University be significant or meaningless. A childish spirit has no place in an University. If with increased freedom of choice and action the students keep any of the old puerile college feeling of antagonism—to the smallest degree—between them and the professors, between them and their work here, they exchange their benefits for injuries—to themselves first, to Yale always. By the change on its title page, the LIT. takes upon it its full share of these responsibilities. How it can bear them rests with the University at large. It will do what is in its power, to make it the medium of work, more honest, more earnest and better worth the doing than heretofore. It will discourage, as far as possible, all writing for other than the writing's sake. It will try to make itself worth more both to its contributors and to its readers. It invites contributions from both Sheff. and the College, frank criticism from the University, and the interest and coöperation in its objects from all.

IN the June number the LIT. expressed its hopes for Yale's success in base ball and at New London. In this number it wishes, though rather late, to chant a paean in honor of the quadruple crown and the men who won it. No more brilliant success ever fell to the lot of Yale and no more faithful, hard working, self-sacrificing teams did she ever put in the field. The members of the University owe them and have given them their warmest congratulations, admiration and thanks. That they will let their enthusiasm stop here or anywhere short of substantial testimonials we do not believe. This is all well, very well; and yet they can do far better than this—they can give these same men and the new men who are on these teams this year their encouragement *before* the contests. It is a subject everlastingly harped upon in the college press, but we do not think the men yet realize how much of spirit it puts into a team to have a sympathetic but critical crowd watching their practice. In track athletics our team must almost come to question the interest of the University in their existence, from the indifference shown towards their progress in practise. In base ball and foot ball it is much the same. How much a good crowd at the practise has to do with our success with Harvard and Princeton this year we cannot tell; but it is wise to take no risks.

THE essays in competition for the LIT. Medal will be called for about the middle of November. Enough has been said in this department of late about the attitude of the College towards this prize, and we would only repeat our announcement of last spring that a failure to award the medal this fall will result in its withdrawal.

PORTFOLIO.

"WHEN THESE SWEET SUMMER DAYS."

When these sweet summer days are at an end
And I am missed from my accustomed place,
I shall depart and no more see thy face,
Or not for years, my dear, my gentle friend.

If in past hours thy heart delight hath found,
Perchance if aught hath come to thee from me—
Somewhat of good—know thou that I from thee
Had greater. Thus but half I would is owned.

Ah! not to words the heart its best resigns.
And the first singer, as his quill dry-drunk
His waning ink-horn, left, they say, a blank
And sung his sweetest song between the lines. H. W. W.

—In the old town of Verona, just aside from the Piazza, there is a little church of the seventeenth century, surrounded by an iron railing, which encloses a number of earlier Gothic tombs, whose delicate proportions give a striking contrast to the uniformity of their environs. A step apart and one is in the bustle of the narrow crowded Italian street, so closely does this bit of the past border on the life of to-day. Shade your eyes, and look above the railing. The graceful canopy of one of the tombs is surmounted by a statue in bronze, the portrait of a genial, smiling soul. It is to the memory of the patron of a poet whose name we speak in the same breath with that of Shakespeare. The metal glows with expression; the parted lips would seem to speak, but pause to smile, as when they moved a welcome to the exiled poet. Turn back, the Piazza is but a little further, under the archway. In the bright sun the figure of the poet himself is outlined, in the intensity of the marble, against the light and shadow of the beautiful *loggia* beyond. The face is strangely dissimilar to the smiling countenance of Can Grande. Eyes large and thoughtful, sunken cheeks, the under lip projecting beyond the upper lip; they caused the women of Verona to say of him—"Look at the man who goes into hell, and returns when he pleases, and brings news to us here above from those there below. Dost

not thou see how the heat and smoke down below has given him so dark a color?"

In a letter Dante wrote to Can Grande are the words—"Having become attached to you from mere hearsay, I then at first sight became your most devoted friend." One can read in that look of the patron, modelled in lasting bronze, the origin of the impulse that gave rise to the words—"at first sight." The Veronese have not forgotten the man who, in the passion of his poetry, laid bare his heart; who, in the minuteness of his diction, left to them, as also to the world, the record of his life, the shaping of his soul in the various phases of his changeful exile. To the gentle, emotional Italian spirit there came the feeling of loving reverence for the master, who was of them, and with them, in every line of his poetry. Their natures blended with his, as they followed the ennobling influence of the love within his heart.

In Verona Dante found a resting place, and yet but a resting place, amid his wanderings. A nature so refined and sensitive as would say of itself—

A man am I who write,
When with his kindling breath Love stirs my soul,
And, as he prompts, so I my songs indite—

was possessed of too fine a temperament to withstand the brusque and hearty manner of Can Grande's varied court. Though rich in the memories of former years, and full of the splendor of the Fourteenth century, which gave color to the inward thoughts, Verona was but a halting-place in the life of the poet. It is pleasant to linger and image the past in the reality of the present. For, to-day, the afternoon sun fills the Piazza with the same flood of light, and the sky overhead is the same intense blue of Italy, as in Can Grande's time. But, although the face of the poet is there and the genial countenance of his friend and patron, Cane, looks down upon you, they are but the memories and images of the past, yet they live in the reality of the present; the one in his kindly, earnest nature, the other in his deeper, manlier, soulful poems.

W. B. G.

—In those sad days in which Dante, an exile from Florence was nursing his mingled hatred and love towards the proud city, he was received with a glad welcome at the court of Cane

Grande, prince of Verona. The dazzling brilliancy of the young prince fascinated the saddened poet so utterly that thereafter he counted the admiration of others as nothing unless Messere Cane had first given his praise. And we find that all the cantos of the *Divina Commedia* written after that time were sent first to Cane Grande. But a true friendship between two men so far separated in years and so diametrically opposite in tastes would be ideal. Messere Cane began to tire of the haughty poet and soon after Dante, bowed by the weight of indignities showered upon him, left the court of Verona forever. In a few short years he passed away, leaving the last portion of his poem still unpublished. But, strange to say, his sons, after careful search, could find the missing cantos nowhere. They resolved, therefore, to complete the poem themselves; but, says the old chronicle, heaven willed otherwise. One night Jacopo, the elder, was startled by the appearance of his father, standing before him, clothed in white garments and with a peculiar brilliancy about his face which seemed to come from heaven itself. Amazed, he asked whether his father was alive and received the answer, "Yes; but in the true life; not yours." Then Jacopo bethought himself of the missing cantos and questioned his father about them. Whereupon Dante, beckoning him to follow passed into the room where he had been wont to write and pointed to a panel in the wall. The figure faded away and Jacopo awoke, summoned a friend and rushed to the room. Tearing open the panel they found a little window, unknown to all save Dante and on the sill some mouldy manuscript—the missing cantos. Dante was called haughty and severe, yet what pathetic love was mingled with his pride. If his chosen friend would not read and praise the poem, no other should. In the burning despair of love and pride, he hides away the poem and closes the panel. Yet in the other world he sees the better course and sends the lost poem, as a message of love from the grave to Messere Cane.

E. L. P.

—The broken belfry itself would hardly suggest particular thought of age at a single glance at the little chapel of San Miguel. Those adobe structures always appear to me centuries old as soon as the sun has well baked their walls and then seem to preserve their hoary youth to all time. The slightly dilapidated appearance of "the oldest house in the

United States," which stands by its side, is not as gloomily suggestive of the growing tooth of time as almost any tumbled down farm-house of comparative infancy in a New England village. A single glance, however, within and the hastiest perusal of any of the venerable inscriptions, is enough to dispel the illusion. Its three centuries of life then seem to crowd in upon us in a single hour. We can almost hear the rusty old bell of the Franciscan Fathers sounding through the clear air of the hills, as it calls both proud Montezuma and humble Indian convert to common worship at the common altar. The little confessional is echoing in our ears a confused medley of tales of sin and sorrow and words of pardon which its rough-hewn walls have heard. The fire still burns before the altar. The time-scarred painting of the Ascension shows clearly the arrow marks which the night of the massacre left upon it. Wild sights and sounds of riot and bloodshed rush in upon our mind.

With the clearest mental eye we are looking down this vista of time and living through the hundred experiences of the chapel's history. But of a sudden our reverie is broken. Two by two the monks slowly enter from the side and first kneeling, file slowly by the altar. The solemn quiet speaks the power of silent prayer. Then the sound of praise breaks the stillness. Again we dream and all the music of the past sounds in our ear.

L. S. W.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Yale vs. Pennsylvania.

This race was rowed at New London June 24, resulting in an easy victory for the blue, Yale crossing the line four lengths ahead of her opponent. Yale's time, 22 min. 20 sec.; Pennsylvania's time, 22 min. 39 sec. The Yale crew was the same as the one whose personnel is given below in the account of the race with Harvard.

Yale Freshmen vs. Pennsylvania.

This race also resulted in a victory for Yale, her boat crossing the line in 9 min. 55 sec., 11½ seconds lower than the previous record.

DeForest Speaking

in Battell Chapel, June 24. The successful speaker was John Bennetto. Below is the list of speakers and subjects :

1. Jonathan Swift and Ireland. Herbert Farrington Perkins, Harvard, Mass.
2. The Political Revolution in Connecticut in 1818.
Allen Wardner Johnson, Watertown.
3. The Influence of Coleridge on English Thought.
Gerald Hamilton Beard, Chicago, Ill.
4. Lessing's Dramatic Influence as Playwright and Critic.
William Lyon Phelps, New Haven.
5. The Influence of Coleridge on English Thought.
Louis Harman Peet, Brooklyn, N. Y.
6. The Political Revolution in Connecticut in 1818.
John Bennetto, New Haven.

Yale vs. Harvard

at Cambridge, June 25, resulted in a victory for Yale by only one run, after thirteen innings had been played. Hits by McConkey and Stewart brought in the winning run. This game decided the championship, as it would have tied Harvard with Yale had the former won.

YALE.									HARVARD.								
A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Stagg, p-----	6	0	1	1	0	0	11	0	Wiestl'g, s. s	4	1	0	0	1	0	6	2
Kellogg, r. f	3	0	0	1	0	0	3	0	Foster, l. f	6	1	2	2	1	5	3	0
Noyes, s. s	6	0	1	1	0	2	1	0	Campbell, 3b	6	2	1	2	0	3	6	2
Hunt, c. f	5	1	1	3	0	1	0	0	Willard, 1 b	5	0	1	2	0	14	1	0
Spencer, 1 b	6	1	2	2	0	15	0	0	Henshaw, c	6	0	2	2	0	9	4	2
Dann, c-----	5	1	1	1	0	7	3	1	Boyden, c. f	5	0	1	1	0	0	0	0
McC'nk'y, 2b	6	1	1	1	0	7	5	0	Bingham, p	5	0	0	0	0	1	7	0
Brigham, l. f	5	1	1	1	1	2	0	1	Linn, r. f	5	0	1	1	0	0	0	0
Stewart, 3 b	6	0	2	2	1	2	3	0	Mumford, 2b	5	0	0	0	0	6	2	0
Totals	48	5	10	12	2	39	23	2	Totals	47	4	8	10	2	38	29	6

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Yale.....	0	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—5
Harvard	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	—4

Earned runs, Yale, 2; Harvard, 1. Two base hits, Campbell and Willard. Three base hit, Hunt. First base on balls, Yale, 6; Harvard, 3. First base on errors, Yale, 7; Harvard, 2. Left on bases, Yale, 8; Harvard 6. Struck out, Yale, 4; Harvard, 5. Double play, Campbell. Passed balls, Dann, 1; Henshaw, 2. Time of game, 3 hours 50 minutes. Umpire, Mr. Egan.

Yale vs. Harvard

at New Haven, June 28, resulted in another victory for Yale. 5,000 spectators were present.

YALE.									HARVARD.								
A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.		A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Stagg, p-----	5	1	2	2	1	1	0	0	Wiestl'g, s. s	3	0	0	0	0	0	2	1
Kellogg, r. f.-	5	1	1	1	2	5	0	0	Foster, l. f.-	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
Noyes, s. s----	4	0	0	0	2	2	2	2	Campbell, 3b	4	1	1	3	0	3	1	1
Hunt, c. f-----	4	0	1	1	3	0	0	0	Willard, 1 b	4	0	1	1	0	10	0	0
Spencer, 1 b--	3	0	1	1	1	7	1	0	Henshaw, c	4	0	0	0	0	7	3	1
Dann, c-----	4	0	0	0	0	3	1	0	Boyden, c. f	4	1	1	1	1	4	1	0
McC'nk'y, 2b	4	2	3	3	3	3	4	0	Bingham, p--	4	0	0	0	0	5	1	0
Brigham, l. f.	4	1	1	1	1	3	0	0	Linn, r. f-----	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Stewart, 3 b--	3	1	1	1	2	3	1	1	Mumford, 2b	4	1	2	3	0	2	1	0
Totals ----	36	6	10	10	15	27	9	3	Totals ----	34	3	5	8	1	27	13	4

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Yale.....	1	1	0	2	1	0	0	0	1	—6
Harvard	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	—3

Earned runs, Yale, 4; Harvard, 2. Two base hit, Mumford. Three base hit, Campbell. Bases on balls, Yale, 4; Harvard, 3. First base on errors, Yale, 3; Harvard, 3. Struck out, Yale, 4; Harvard, 0. Left on bases, Yale, 0; Harvard, 7. Passed balls, Dann, 1; Henshaw, 2. Wild pitch, Stagg, 1. Double play, Boyden and Mumford. Time of game, 2 hours 45 minutes. Umpire, Mr. Egan.

Yale-Harvard Race

at New London, July 1. Yale proved in this race the superi-

ority of the "Cook stroke," and won rather easily, the race being plainly hers from the two-mile flag. The time and make-up of the two crews are given below.

YALE UNIVERSITY CREW.

	Name.	Class.	Age.	W'g't.	H'g't.	Residence.
Bow.	R. M. Wilcox.....	'88 S.	28	147	5.8	..Portland, Conn.
2.	C. O. Gill	'89	19	161	5.7½	..Orange, N. J.
3.	J. Rogers, Capt.....	'87	21	158	5.11½	..New York.
4.	J. W. Middlebrook.....	'87	22	162	5.8½	..Wilton, Conn.
5.	G. W. Woodruff.....	'89	23	168	5.9½	..Dimock, Penn.
6.	F. A. Stephenson	'88	20	164	6.00	..Brooklyn, N. Y.
7.	G. R. Carter	'88 S.	20	160	5.9	..Honolulu, S. I.
Stroke.	E. L. Caldwell.....	'87	28	149	5.8½	..Windsor, Conn.

Average.....158½

Cox.	R. Thompson.....	—	19	104	—	..Schenectady, N. Y.
Sdbs.	R. M. Hurd.....	'88	21	158	5.9½	..New York.
"	S. M. Cross.....	'88	20	159	5.9½	..Westerly, R. I.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY CREW.

	Name.	Class.	Age.	W'g't.	H'g't.	Residence.
Bow.	A. P. Butler	'88	21	158	5.10½	..Jamaica Plains, Mass.
2.	J. W. Wood, Jr.....	'88	20	161	5.10	..South Orange, N. J.
3.	H. W. Keyes, Capt.....	'87	24	162	5.10½	..Boston, Mass.
4.	C. E. Schroll.....	'89	23	161	5.10	..Decatur, Ill.
5.	J. T. Davis, Jr.....	'89	20	167	5.11	..St. Louis, Mo.
6.	E. C. Pfeiffer	'89	22	168	6.01	..Portsmouth, N. H.
7.	W. A. Brooks, Jr.....	'87	22	168	5.10	..Haverhill, Mass.
Stroke.	E. C. Storrow.....	'89	19	142	5.9½	..Brookline, Mass.

Average.....160½

Cox.	T. Q. Browne, Jr.....	'88	20	98	5.9	..Boston, Mass.
Subs.	W. Alexander	'87	22	155	5.11	..St. Louis, Mo.
"	R. F. Perkins.....	'89	21	154	5.10½	..Burlington, Iowa.
"	H. D. Hale.....	'88	20	153	5.10½	..Roxbury, Mass.
"	F. G. Parker.....	'89	20	153	5.10½	..Longwood, Mass.

YALE.

½ mile—	2.54
1 mile—	5.20
1½ mile—	7.56
2 mile—	11.9½
2½ mile—	14.14
3 mile—	17.8½
3½ mile—	20.
4 mile—	22.56

HARVARD.

½ mile—	2.56
1 mile—	5.23
1½ mile—	8.4
2 mile—	11.14½
2½ mile—	14.23½
3 mile—	No time.
3½ mile—	No time.
4 mile—	23.10½

A Freshman Meeting

was held in Lyceum, September 23, and the following men were elected as officers of the boat club: Pres., Mr. Foster; Vice-Pres., Mr. Isham; Treas. from Academic department, Mr. Billings; Treas. from Scientific department, Mr. Sweney. Officers of the foot ball club: Pres., Mr. Howland; Vice-Pres., Mr. Roby; Treas., Mr. Gray. Officers of base ball association: Pres., Mr. Poole; Vice-Pres., Mr. Henderson, '90 S.; Academic Treas., Mr. Young; Scientific Treas., Mr. Gray.

A University Tennis Meeting

was held in Lyceum, September 27, in order to elect a Secretary and Treasurer to take the place of Rogers, '89, who had resigned. The vote resulted in the election of Parsons, '89.

Junior Promenade Committee.

The juniors held their meeting for the election of Promenade Committee, in Lyceum, September 30, and after a close vote the following men were chosen: H. S. Robinson, Chairman; W. L. Armstrong, Floor Manager; L. S. Welch, J. G. Rogers, A. H. Mosle, C. T. Brooks, S. L. Smith, G. Pinchot, S. H. Fisher.

Yale vs. Wesleyan,

at the Field, October 5. Yale played with three substitutes, but succeeded in beating Wesleyan 38 to 0.

Freshman Crew.

At a meeting held October 5, Mr. Brewster, '91, was chosen captain of the Academic Freshman crew, and Mr. Allen, '90 S., of the Sheff. crew.

The University Tennis Tournament

was held at the Field during the week beginning October 5. Ludington, P. G., won in the singles, and with his partner, Hurd, '90, the doubles also.

The Dunham Boat Club

elected officers as follows: Pres., E. A. Stevenson; Captain, Fisher, '88; Lieutenant, Vernon, '89; Purser, Hardenbergh, '88.

BOOK NOTICES.

Sabina Zembra. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A new novel by any one of the great living novelists will be always welcomed by a reading public, faded and depressed with mediocrity or worse. With an author of reputation his latest work will be read not only with the expectation that he will at least preserve the standard of the works that have made him known, but also in the hope that better things are to follow. The work before us, we feel confident, will pass only the first of these two tests. It is up to the average of William Black's writing, but those who look for something superior to "A Princess of Thule," or "The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton," will be disappointed. In very much the same strain as its predecessors, "Sabina Zembra" is marked by the same regular construction of plot, the same attractive but not absorbingly interesting characters, the same beautiful descriptions of nature, and the same graceful and easy diction. In the mouth of one of the characters we find an opinion of literature, which, to judge from his own methods of writing, seems very likely to be that of William Black himself. He says, "I don't like conundrums in literature or wire-drawing or fog . . . after all, real men and women are just as interesting to me as those I find in books."

Here is the vindication of his methods; here is the reason he does not care to elaborate plots for his novels, to analyze character deeply, or to philosophize or moralize on any of the problems of life. Real men and women being interesting enough he aims to show in graceful and pleasant manner the surface life of agreeable people, giving sufficient insight into their characters for the reader to understand their aims and motives. The materials he works upon in this his latest novel are more than ever conventional. A girl,—whose curious name forms the title of the book—makes an unfortunate marriage, and delivered by the death of her husband, marries at length the man who has always loved and befriended her. A simple enough story and often told, but in the hands of William Black clothed and colored in such a way as to be fresh and attractive and interesting. The girl is sweet and charming despite some queer notions and hobbies. She is a girl of high family who devotes herself heart and soul, to work among the poor. One trait in her character is thus by her daily life and surroundings, abnormally developed. This is *pity*. For the rich and prosperous she feels no emotions, but for the poor and helpless she cannot sacrifice too much. This trait leads to her first wretched marriage, and is a side-motive in her second, although we are there made to feel that she has grown in worldly wisdom, and appreciation of character during her long troubles. Having been always a woman of great and tender heart, her growth in other directions makes her a woman of balanced and sweet character whom we are loath to leave.

Patrick Henry. American Statesmen. By Moses Coit Tyler. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25. For sale by Judd.

To satisfy Carlyle's principle of "what and how produced was the effect

of society on him ; what and how produced was his effect on society," should be the guiding rule not only to the biographer but also to him who attempts a critical estimate of the work produced. But it is far from an easy task to the biographer to satisfy this demand. In its very nature it requires a most diligent and careful research of everything which could possibly throw a ray of light upon his position both on the world's stage and also upon the forces brought to bear in order to mould the character into its final shape. Facts seemingly unimportant have brought about such revolutions in the inner man, that one is astounded by the result. Few men in life have experienced so-called "grand upheavals," but it is the linking together of apparently trivial matters that form man and society.

Restricted within the compass of 300 to 400 pages, it would have been impossible to present us with an exhaustive history of the times, and all then that was permitted to the writer was a mere outline of the subject,—a gathering together of the more important scenes which formed the whole. Great credit, consequently, is due to the author for the skillful manner in which he pictures for us the epoch in which Patrick Henry plays such an important part.

It is a book of more than careful research and for its vividness also deserves great praise, and as we follow the history of the man ever onwards and upwards and see the "indolent, dreamy, frolicsome creature" develop into the great lawyer and statesman, it seems like the living reality, and when the last act of that great drama is finished we feel, as those in former days did, that something great and lovable had gone forth from our lives forever.

B. R. W.

Yesterdays with Actors. By Catherine Mary Reignolds-Winslow. Boston : Cupples and Hurd. For sale by all book-sellers.

Master of an attractive literary style, Mrs. Winslow in simple and graceful manner, gives us in this work, a series of reminiscences of the distinguished actors and actresses with whom she has come in personal contact during her own career upon the stage. The name of Kate Reignolds will recall to many in middle-age, a popular and beautiful actress over whom they may have raved in their college days. Having risen to the foremost rank of her profession by her artistic qualities as well as by her beauty and charm of manner, she acted leading parts with such famous people as Edwin Forrest, John Brougham, Laura Keane, Charlotte Cushman and others ; and it is of these that she writes, not, as she says in her preface, with the spice of gossip or with any intrusion into their private lives, but giving rather descriptions of their personal peculiarities and characteristics in a very friendly and kindly manner. Disarming criticism by her unpretentious tone throughout, she claims for these random memories as their only value, "the testimony they bear to the purity, charity and honor of her profession." They have thus a very definite worth in showing to the world the noble lives and lofty characters of these men and women among both the famous and the obscure upon the stage. Besides the value of these recollections from an ethical and historical standpoint, Mrs. Winslow has written a book so fresh and charming that it cannot fail of interesting every one who reads it.

Jack, the Fisherman. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 50 cents. For sale by Peck.

This little story can hardly be read without leaving one in a mood of deep despondency. Of marvellous strength and power it cuts and stabs right and left, destroying our belief in human nature or in the power of anyone to resist temptation, and leaving us finally skeptical as to the possibility of anyone conquering sin. Its points are made with telling and relentless effect. We are made to feel powerless against the curse of heredity, the compelling force of circumstance, the binding ties of our past life and associations. With a touch of feminine delicacy and acuteness, the small yet significant incidents are noted. Poor Jack, with his inherited "alcoholized brain-cells" reforms, only to fall again into lower depths of degradation. He is so near being a man and struggles so hard to conquer himself, but always there is something ready to drag him down, the sight of a grog shop, an idle word, or the yearning of the habit of years.

And so it is a tragedy without a ray of hope. Perhaps it is best so. Doubtless the picture is not overdrawn; they are true to the life, these fishermen, drinking, swearing, beating their wives, living a dog's life without knowledge or desire of anything better. Yet some can be touched, some can be lifted before they are sunk too far, some can be transformed by the moral enthusiasm and tender heart of such a woman as Mother Mary.

Here is the single ray of light, here the sole remedy for a picture which depresses us not because it is exaggerated, but because we know it is true.

A Millionaire of Rough and Ready. The Crusade of the Excelsior. By Bret Harte. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by Peck.

Despite the murmurs of a few critics over some of Bret Harte's later works, the volumes before us will easily disprove any assertion as to the failing of his powers. "A Millionaire of Rough and Ready" and "The Devil's Ford," are characterized by the same poetic and warmly-colored descriptions of natural scenery. The same local touches of dialect and action, and the same bold and brilliant outlining of character that made his earlier works famous. Unique in his subject-matter he will remain the exponent of a peculiar period. Of never-failing interest are these men of the mining camps, rough and coarse, quick to resent, given to many vices, with yet underneath the surface a child-like simplicity and a rude but strong sense of honor. The women are perhaps the more wonderful creations, straggling along one or two at a time among the mines or on the ranches, although wild and shy, untrained in thought or action, they reveal always the tender feminine heart. Added to the pathos that exist in the tragedies constantly enacted where life is held cheap, we note in these stories the deeper pathos of the unconscious revolt of these people from their surroundings.

The "Crusade of the Excelsior" is somewhat of a departure from Bret Harte's usual themes, and tells a most curious and improbable tale of the adventures of a vessel and her passengers on the coast of lower California. A foggy and sleepy Mexican settlement is described, in which communication with the outer world is only held two or three times a century. The natural

scenery and life of the place are given with customary skill and a story woven of flirtation and love between the Mexicans and passengers which holds the interest by its continually unexpected developments.

This story will probably prove that although Bret Harte is not without power in other fields, it is still the mining-camp and the ranch that furnish him with his best material.

Knitters in the Sun. By Octave Thanet. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25. For sale by Peck.

Under this quaint title are woven together some most remarkable tales—geographical we should call them. For the author having visited a few of nature's beauties, wishes to acquaint us of the fact; thus should be interpreted the change of scene in the different stories.

Besides his taste for traveling the author seems to have dipped a little into Shakespeare,—whence the title of these charming stories, to have studied the Labor Question and other practical problems in Political Economy, of which facts he takes good care to make us familiar with. His knowledge too of German philosophy is no slight one and to air it forth he introduces a character in one of his stories who gives us a résumé of the subject, especial attention being devoted to Von Schopenhauer. Each story tries to show forth some of the author's peculiar talents. The first, "The ogre of Ha Ha Bay," deals with what would be called the prodigies of nature, the hero of it being one of a family of 26 children. But this slight variation from ordinary human nature being put aside, the story well illustrates the author's fine insight and great talents for description. Of course there is the inevitable sunset description so characteristic of young authors, but we call especial attention to this rather forcible and eloquently flowing description which is introduced without any *a priori* connection: "A bath was a perilous luxury, the one bath tub of the house being too large for the doors, so that it must be emptied before it could be tilted on one side and trundled out of the room, which operation usually ended in flooding both the bather's chamber and the room below, not counting a few stray rivulets likely to meander into the hall." This first tale with its graphic descriptions of every day life gives a clue to the following ones, the second and third excepted, which are really worth reading in spite of a few of the author's beauties of crudity. But after the third story, the author loses himself in the attempt to depict Social Problems, German Philosophy and last if not least the various eccentricities of the negro dialect.

B. R. W.

The Monk's Wedding. By Carl Ferdinand Meyer. Boston: Cupples and Hurd. \$1.25. For sale by all book-sellers.

As a strong picture of times rich in romance, color and chivalry this novel would be acceptable to many, but something more is in store for the reader. About the wide hearth of an Italian nobleman gather his family and guests, among the latter no less a person than Dante, the poet. Light sallies and stories are being exchanged, and yielding somewhat to the mood of his audience, Dante relates the tale of the Monk's Wedding, evolved he tells them, from an inscription on a grave in the cloister garden of the Franciscans. Borrowing the names of his listeners for the characters of his story, he thus commands their closest interest, which at the most critical moments

betrays them into such excitement as causes them to interrupt the thread of his narrative, and the reader to realize afresh the surroundings of the narrator. The tale related is of sustained and absorbing interest, full of delicate touches and flashes of passion, a tragedy which cannot fail to leave an impression of power upon the mind.

Being a translation from the German we are not surprised to find in this book, bits of poetic romance and sentiment mingled immediately with passages of wisdom and philosophy and, such is the accuracy and thoroughness of German work, we may rest assured that the details of the life are correct, and the vivid coloring true to the times described.

The manufacture of the book is deserving of mention, the work being thorough and in exceptionally good taste.

One Hundred Days in Europe. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50. For sale by Peck.

Readers of the Atlantic have long had the pleasure of reading by installments, the account of Dr. Holmes' visit to England and have prided themselves upon the enthusiastic reception accorded him, as a national honor. Thrice an LL.D., at Oxford, Cambridge and Edinburg, he was received with distinguished honor by all classes, and was so eagerly sought after in London that his secretary was often kept up till eleven o'clock at night answering invitations. He makes no pretense of writing anything important or elaborate about England, but more in the form of a Diary, jots down for the sake of his family and friends, descriptions of his every-day doings in the same kindly and homely way and with the same shrewd and quaint observations that charm us in the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

He shows the intimate life of all the great people, nobles, authors, artists, ecclesiastics, whose names we are familiar with on this side of the Atlantic, most appreciatively and attractively. Simple and unpretentious, no book can better show the inner nature and true feelings of the gentle and courtly old man we have learned to love.

Select Tales from the Gesta Romanorum. Translated by Rev. C. Swan. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

Some thirty odd tales translated from the Latin compose this charming little volume, interspersed with a running commentary on the history of these old monkish legends and their quaint and fanciful morals. Most interesting is it to come across, in this storehouse of romantic fiction, the tales from which Shakespeare borrowed his plots. The commentary on these stories has grown to large proportions, discussing as it does, such topics as the sources of didactic fiction, its progress from East to West, the claims of the Old Writers on the New, together with descriptions of early manners and modes, witch-craft, sorcery and magic. A volume of rare attractiveness is thus produced both from the inherent interest in these stories and the scholarly way in which they are handled.

The Shaybacks in Camp. By Samuel J. Barrows and Isabel C. Barrows. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00. For sale by Judd.

This book is an account of ten years of camp-life, written by, as he calls himself, "a gypsy minister" and his wife. Camping in Maine, in Canada,

on an island in Lake Memphremagog, and in India, is described in an enthusiastic and enjoyable way. The objections and discomforts of camping, and the way to avoid them are pointed out. Since the success of camping depends entirely on knowing how to do it, this account of experiences, suggestive rather than didactic may show many the possibilities of this way of spending a summer vacation. One definite aim of the work has been as the preface says, to show that the ideal camp is the family camp and not the strictly masculine one.

The Revolution in Tanner's Lane. By Mark Rutherford. Edited by his friend Reuben Shapcott. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25. For sale by Peck.

If all of us possessed friends who could see nothing but the little good in us, and would not see the great amount of evil, what would become of humanity? A question something like this one is sure to ask himself after reading "The Revolution of Tanner's Lane." Aye, a mighty revolution or rather a conglomeration of all church doctrines and political questions is this book made of. Starting out with two or three crisply drawn characters, these poor creatures are used for pivots upon which to revolve all religious discussions ever heard or imagined of, and political problems whose scope would demand a Prometheus or a Hercules.

Man's relation to his maker seems to be a chaos to the author, and as he continually harps and sharps upon this problem we are thunder-struck at the weighty truths and grand novelities of his discourse. Let "friends," we pray, take a warning by this effusion, lest we consider them enemies.

B. R. W.

The Republic of the Future. By Anna Bowman Dodd. Cassell & Co. 25 cents. For sale by Judd.

Ostensibly a bundle of letters written from New York by a Swedish nobleman of the 21st century, this sketch has, as a sub-title, "Socialism a Reality." After some by no means original conceptions of travel in the future, such as by pneumatic air-tubes, balloons, etc., the New York Socialist City is described. Here all, men and women alike, being absolutely equal, their houses, dress and cooking must likewise be the same for all. Then, since all men must be equal intellectually as well as socially, learning beyond what is easily acquired by the dullest mind, is punishable by law. Thus, in order to make absolute equality, since it is impossible for all to reach the plane of the highest, all must debase themselves till they are on a par with the lowest. In such an impossible scheme the fundamental principles of human nature are obviously lost sight of. The cover of the book is in execrable taste.

Wit, Wisdom and Beauties of Shakspeare. Edited by Clarence Stuart Ward. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25. For sale by Peck.

This tasteful little volume contains selections from all of Shakspeare's works, including his Sonnets, of which thirty-five are quoted entire. The object of the collection, the editor explains in the preface, is to provide a means of increasing the general knowledge of Shakspeare. All passages,

whether long or short, which are of sufficient intrinsic value, when detached, are transcribed. The work appears to have been done well and with discrimination, but this volume will labor under the inevitable disadvantage that always accrues to a mass of unrelated sentences or sayings. It is indeed very much to be doubted whether any such sifting out of the chief beauties and powers of any author, however cleverly done, is ever much read or appreciated by readers who prefer a jewel in the setting, however simple it may be, to the mere stone itself.

TO BE REVIEWED.

- A Memoir of Ralph Waldo Emerson.* By James Elliot Cabot. In two volumes. \$3.50 a set. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by Judd.
- Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle.* By Karl Kron. New York. For sale by Breck.

RECEIVED.

- Federal Taxes and State Expenses.* By William H. Jones. "Questions of the Day Series" New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
- Calamity Jane.* By Mrs. George E. Spencer. New York: Cassell & Co. 25 cents.
- Administrative Reform as an issue in the next Presidential Canvass.* By General C. C. Andrews. Printed at the Riverside Press.
- Alatypes, or Stenotypography.* By Henry H. Brown. Published by author. Battle Creek, Michigan.
- Shakspeare or Bacon.* The only way to test Donnelley's Shakspeare cipher. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. (About to be issued).
- Travels in the Interior of Africa.* By Mungo Park. Vol. I. Cassell's. 10 cents.
- Diary of Samuel Pepys.* 1666. Cassell's. 10 cents.
- The Temple.* By George Herbert. Cassell's. 10 cents.
- An Essay on Man.* Pope. Cassell's. 10 cents.
- A Tour in Ireland.* By Arthur Young. Cassell's. 10 cents.
- History of New York.* By Washington Irving. Cassell's. 10 cents.
- My Beautiful Lady.* By Nelly Dare. Cassell's. 10 cents.
- A Voyage to Lisbon.* By Henry Fielding. Cassell's. 10 cents.
- Midsummer Night's Dream.* Shakspeare. Cassell's. 10 cents.
- Plutarch's Lives of Timeleon, Paulus Aurelius, Lysander and Sylla.* Cassell's. 10 cents.
- Banquet of Plato.* Shelley. Cassell's. 10 cents.
- An Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful.* By Edmund Burke. Cassell's. 10 cents.
- King Henry VIII.* Shakspeare. Cassell's. 10 cents.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Well," said we, pushing open the office door and brushing away the dust and cobwebs of the summer months; "Well! How goes it?"

The Saint stretched himself sleepily after the first start and made a few rheumatic movements with his leg and said: "Hello! What's up?"

"Term time," we answered; "have you been asleep here all summer and don't know where you are?"

"Oh no!" he answered, "I took the grand tour but finished it up early, then came back to rest for a month before beginning work. Heavens! I must have been sleeping soundly for I was just dreaming that I was back again among the girls at Bar Harbor; but such thoughts are not for a sober old man like me. Well, well! how time goes; here I am really beginning my fifty-third year—my birthday comes this week, you know!" he added significantly. "How are things looking? What sort of a freshman class is there?"

"Haven't you even heard about that? Why, Yale never did so well before, two hundred and over in the Academic department alone!"

"No?" said he.

"Well, have it your own way; the catalogue says there are. But we must get to work for"—"Art is long but time is fleeting," interrupted the Saint—"the LIT. is coming out early this month. Have you got anything for us to hash up and serve out to our eager readers? Have you no spicy news items, no quaint poems, nothing?"

"Yes, a few exchanges came after you left," he said, "and—well I declare, some have already come in for the new year. Here's the Harvard *Crimson*, noted for its fairness and elevated style."

But, we grieve to say it, even the *Crimson* has fallen and has inserted a paragraph as offensive to good taste as the glaring personals in a western farming college bi-weekly.

"Great excitement was occasioned in the yard last night by the little game of 'Push, gently Push,' played by the sub-juniors and freshmen. Much gore was spilled, one freshman having received a bloody-nose in the fray. He was rescued and carried from the field by his gallant nurse, who administered pap to him in small doses. The latest advices say he is slowly recovering and his faithful nurse, Mrs. Maginnis, is the heroine of the hour."
—*Harvard Crimson*.

We can only think that such a paragraph crept in through some inadvertence and was not inserted by design. All of the June numbers of the various "Lits." and bi-weeklies are filled with the class poems, orations, etc. of the colleges to which they belong. These are no doubt entertaining reading for the members of these different institutions, but they are profitless enough for others and may be left one side with very little loss. The *Harvard Monthly* is, however, an exception, and contains, as it always does, pieces worthy of careful and attentive reading, and of unusual interest.

The first piece is a bit of club dialogue in which is told a pathetic story of love and heart-break. It is as a whole admirably managed, bringing out all the points of the sad story by means of a sprightly, witty conversation, such as often takes place among men who do not altogether despise to look upon the sad side of life occasionally. The article on "Zola's *L'Assommoir*" is also a very good piece of critical work, finding grave fault with M. Zola's methods as subversive of true art, and degrading to all who read it: while yet giving full allowance to all the better impulses which the author shows and his desire to benefit man. The poetry of this number does not come up quite to the standard which the *Harvard Monthly* as a rule maintains; but here is something expressing very prettily the feelings which we all occasionally experience:

AT SUNSET.

The sun is sinking to his promised rest
 In yon expectant couch o'erspread with gold;
 The river winds its lazy course of old,
 Bearing an idle boat upon its breast;
 The purple hills, dimmed by the mellowing haze,
 Seem loath to part
 With but another of the countless days.

Watching the West grow dim, I too were fain
 Day should not steal away with all the light,
 And leave me groping blindly in the night
 O'er stumbling paths I must retrace in vain.
 Yet light must die!—until to-morrow's sun,
 Warming my heart,
 Guide me through fairer paths at last begun.

—*Harvard Monthly.*

The *Nassau Lit.*, with its old time cover, was the first of the new arrivals, and we read with pleasure much that it contains. The opening piece is a prize oration called "The Rise and Influence of Stoicism." In it the writer tells really well and imaginatively of its rise among the Greeks, giving a picture, I should rather say a glimpse of life in Athens when Xeno and Chrysippus lived and taught, and when the school of the Porch became popular. He shows the needs of the people, bereft of their old gods, for some strong belief to lay hold upon; and then traces its course to Rome, where it became so popular, falling right in line with the nature of the people. But when he endeavors to show that in later times Calvinism and Puritanism were the survivors of this old Stoicism, he goes too far. True, Calvinism presents many points in common with Stoicism; but they both are expressions of a certain trait lying deeper than either, and one which is called out occasionally in the case of earnest, serious men who see to what dangerous lengths a tendency in the other direction may go. "A Fortunate Misfortune" and "The Ghosts of the Red Tavern," are both stories up to the average of stories which appear in the better class of college publications, but not rising in any way above the average. The other piece deserving notice belongs to that class of composition which is seen too frequently in our college magazines. The writer manages to fill eight pages, but introduces in all that space hardly a thought of his own. He takes "The Light of Asia," and after a pleasant little introduction, comparing Christ

with Buddha, he takes the story of Edwin Arnold's poem and tells it over again; this takes up the bulk of the article, after which he closes with quotations from one or two critics. The article is readable—exceedingly so; but the question arises, Is this true literature? Has anyone a right to take up our time in retelling stories which have been better told before by other writers? This form of criticism is too common at present, I fear, among us, to hope to put it down for some time; but let us hope and work for a time when nothing of this kind shall be seen on the pages of our magazines; but when the productions appearing there shall be the honest thought of the writers. The following sonnet from the same magazine is not bad:

SORROW AND MEMORY.

A SONNET.

All day the sun beat down with ceaseless hate,
 The brown fields quivered in the glare of light,
 And panted for the swift approach of night.
 All sound was hushed, as tho' some iron Fate
 Were crushing out all life beneath its weight.
 The fierce sun sank. A little pause, and soon
 The evening breezes wakened, and the moon
 Full-orbed, serene, rose from her magic gate.

So, when some tyrant sorrow's stern control
 Long days has held the heart in dry despair,
 Not for Oblivion's darkness make thy prayer,
 But let the light of Memory in thy soul
 Rise like the moon in splendor, calm and bright,
 Flooding the wasted Past with hallowed light.

We close with the following Villanelle from the *Dartmouth Lit.*

WAITING.

A VILLANELLE.

Singing softly, she sits by her wheel,
 Her face ever turned to the shining bay,
 Long waiting the sound of his grating keel.

The table is spread for the evening meal;
 Thro' the door streams the sleepy, golden day:
 Singing softly, she sits by her wheel.

"My sailor's love is for woe and weal,
 Tho' my heart groweth sick at his delay,
 Long waiting the sound of his grating keel.

"Our Lady of Grace,"—chimes the Angelus' peal—
 "Star of the sea! light my love on his way."
 Singing softly, she sits by her wheel.

The bay gleams cold, like murderous steel,
 And still by the casement she keepeth her stay
 Long waiting the sound of his grating keel.

And ever as if her heart to heal,
 Bowing meekly her saintly head to pray;
 Singing softly, she sits by her wheel,
 Long waiting the sound of his grating keel.



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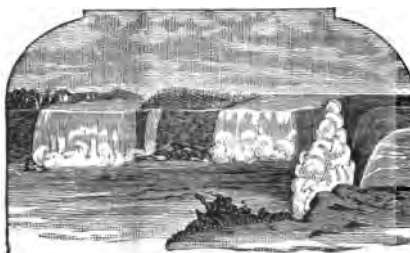
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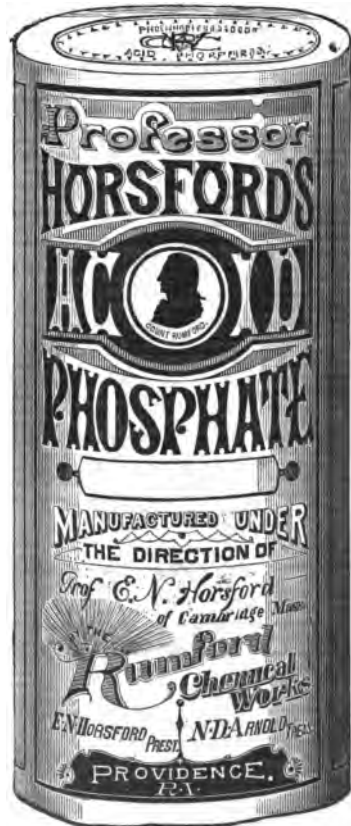
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